

Vox Wesleyana

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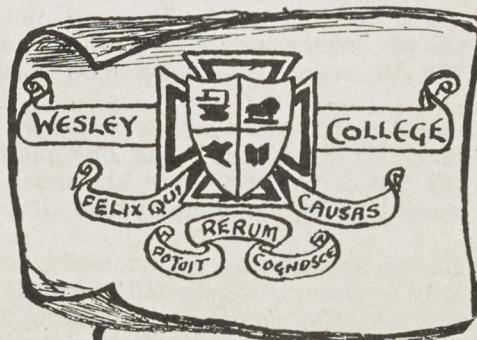
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IN COMMEMORATION

"Methinks that a death such as theirs has been, gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasure of life. But, deeming that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but in the battlefield their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

"Such was the end of these men. . . . They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers, there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not in stone, but in the hearts of men."—(Extract from Pericles).



AP.J.'23

“SWEET PEACE”*By J. H. RIDDELL, B.A., B.D., LL.D.*

Peace in national and international life has been the dream of the poet, and the quest of the philosopher, all down the ages. But to the present, they have sighed, and sought, and longed, in vain. Sometimes it would seem as if the realization of their hopes was sinking yet more surely in the misty background of deepening shadows. But are these dreams and hopes only shadowy spectres of visionary minds, sent to mock the deeper longings of our nobler souls? Surely not!

The hope, though sadly deferred, must be the prophecy of a quiet fact yet to be realized in the life of the nations. We cannot down the conviction that some time blessed peace will be the possession of the people. And men now brandishing the spear and waving the sword, and uttering loud and unseemly threats, will learn to grasp each other's hand in loving co-operation. We still feel that the vision of the prophet, when “men would beat their spears into pruning-hooks and their swords into ploughshares,” will be the happy portion of our distracted humanity.

Peace means the end of war, the cessation of conflict. But must all struggle cease?

Perhaps we have sought an impossible peace, or at least a peace which is not consonant with growing life and developing humanity. Struggle in life there must be. Conflict of ideas, thoughts, and efforts, can never cease. These are the stepping-stones of progress. It seems to be the inevitable law of nature that we grow by competition and contact with our fellows. The dream of a peace as quiescent, undisturbed restfulness, with never a gale from the land of storms, can never become a fact in human history, and possibly never *should* become a fact.

But there is a vast difference between a struggle which is that healthy rivalry in which each challenges his fellow to greater achievement and as he makes the challenge reaches out a friendly hand to help him upward, and that bitter, snarling, angry challenge to conflict where one or the other perishes in the contest. In the one struggle, two reach a higher plane. In the other, one is poorer, sadder and weaker, because of the engagement.

We trust the “League of Nations” will be successful in bringing all international conflict to an end, and will usher in the long-sought day, when “the war-drum will throb no longer, and the battle-flag be furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world.”

We hope that such a day will not long precede the coming to each distracted nation of the rest that marks the end of that fearful class struggle which puts fellow-citizens into warring camps, a struggle just as bitter in its hatred, and as frantic in

its fury, as that of armed battalions on the battlefield. The hellish bitterness of organized warfare must be eliminated from our industrial and economic systems, and the capitalist and the laborer must join hands in a sacred rivalry from which each emerges a greater and happier person. To this end greed must be banished from our hearts, lust from our souls, and selfish ambition from our conflicts. Then shall that great day come of which the angels sang "On earth peace, among men in whom He is well pleased." And so peace will come but to men in whose hearts the power of God has wrought mighty changes.

PARADES AND YELLS

The Hallowe'en parade on October 30th caused great commotion and general approbation in Winnipeg. A galaxy of Canadian intellects, charged with youthful enthusiasm, marched gaily and vociferously through the streets of our prairie city. The great object of the parade was to make the citizens of Manitoba feel that an important movement was beginning in the intellectual life of their province. It was the initial celebration of the University of Manitoba Students' Union. Perhaps further discussion on this topic may seem superfluous, but I ask you, gentle reader, to bear with me a moment and to view this parade from the perspective of one who aspires to be a philosopher.

Man's activities were represented in their different phases. Agriculture marched with implements symbolic of her trade. Her Titans of industry gasped convulsively as if appalled at their inherent powers, while behind them rumbled the wagons that gathered the harvest of their furrows. There they were, these mechanical devices that man has invented to aid him in his struggle for existence. Relentless Law stalked triumphantly along, garbed in the emblem of human misery—the shameful stripes—that mark the degradation of man and the pathos of his eternal battle against sin. Thus came Law, which is the scourge society has adopted as a protection against its own weaknesses. Spectral Science appeared in the guise of grinning death—a bleached skeleton balefully glaring with his illuminated sockets at the shuffling, cheeful, yelling youth about him. But they cared not for his threatening look. They laughed at him and revelled in the vigor of their good health. Thus did they pass through the heart of our great city, these young, undaunted spirits who are the bulwark of the future and who are soon to become vital factors in this interaction of economic forces which we call life.

This gay parade congregated at the Arena to add the crowning triumph to the day's performance. Different faculties presented sketches characteristic of their skill. Medicals held a

mock funeral ceremony in great pomp, to the tune of "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." Wesley presented a revue in honor of the young U.M.S.U. Young men in the garb of chorus girls danced in emulation of the fair sex. Some of the spectators were so far deceived by their fair painted features that they forgot to cast a glance at their feet, which would have disillusioned them.

After this brief sketch of an interesting event, I ask the reader to pardon a little retrospection and even to accompany me on a mental journey to the past. Let us see if we cannot trace to its origin man's love of parades and yells. Let us turn to the half-obliterated pages of bygone ages and see what they disclose to us. One great poet has said that the proper study of mankind is man; and is it not true, that at the dawn of self-consciousness in the human soul the first question is, "Mother, where did I come from?" And are not the last moments fraught with the mysterious sense of the unknown? From the cradle to the grave the ever-present ego is an enigma to itself. We, who in our surfeit of psychological analysis place everything in the light of reason, can surely have the patience to investigate the curious phenomena of parades and yells, these apparent anomalies to the dignity and majesty of man.

Patient science furnishes the means. Her researches extend from the first record of the rocks to the elaborate historical surveys of today. Our speculations on the origin of parades and yells must take their laborious journey down the broken links of incomplete information to the time when our remote ancestor, escaped from the palaeozoic swamp, dragged his incipient manhood through the gloom of primeval forests. We must trace his history from those formative and tumultuous days of mother earth to the present, when his dominant intellect gives promise of subduing the very powers of nature.

When man escaped from his lowly birthplace, he had, under his thick cranium, the germ of his future greatness. This germ grew and expanded in the eternal struggle against environment. The probobion which was born of the inanimate clash of matter became the highly developed organism of man as we know him today. In those early days he was beset by monsters of all kinds, incomparably greater and stronger than himself, but greater and stronger in body only. Mind began to assert itself. Man crept away from the stupid dinosaur and the clumsy diplodocus. He sought refuge where competition was not so keen but he brought others of his kind with him, for he had discovered the great principle that unity is strength.

In the instinct of self-preservation manifesting itself in the tendency to congregate, we see the underlying causes of parades. That is to say, parades are expressions of the communal feeling that had its beginning in the instinct of self-preservation. Parades of today are definite institutions used for effect. Their influence consists in their direct appeal to primitive emotions.

There is still in man a love of the spectacular and the gorgeous. He occasionally tires of his dignity and introspection and seeks refuge in freedom of primitive passions.

Our ancestors also found that enemies could be intimidated by loud noises. They soon put this principle into practice by assembling and emitting in chorus a sound that was raucous and terrifying. This was the origin of yells. The world in its deep rotundity rolled on, evolution left its mark on all things and we find these uncouth beginnings growing more refined and self-conscious. We find man employing parades and weird songs to inspire his companions to war; we find him uttering his softer emotions in unintelligible but gentle murmurs. When we think of the college yell as it is today we unconsciously hear the guttural shouts of painted barbarians as they danced frantically to the rhythmic beat of a tom tom. The mental association is not difficult to follow when we trace our relation to these savages, for we, too, yell, even though our yells are self-conscious efforts, uttered with a definite purpose. The great fact is apparent, that out of the coarse shouts of savages protecting themselves against intruders, has grown the modern college yell, which is the communal spirit finding expression in a mere emission of animal sounds without significance except that they come direct from primitive emotions which are centred about a certain loved object known as a college.

HAUD SCIO, '22.

THE CHURCH'S RELATIONSHIP TO SOCIAL PROBLEMS

“RUSTICUS.”

Five public lectures on the church's relationship to social problems were given at Manitoba College by Prof. Graham Taylor, the celebrated social service authority of the University of Chicago. His program of lectures was as follows:

“The Individual, the Group and the Body Politic.”

“Common Denominator—Church and State.”

“The Survival and Revival of Neighborhood.”

“Common Ground and Interdependence of Industry and Religion.”

“The Church and the Community Inter-related and Co-operative.”

“The Individual, the Group and the Body Politic”

One of the signs of the times is the reversion to group consciousness and the ascendancy of group control. It would be a mistake to consider these reversions disconnected and sporadic

rather than an undercurrent of sub-conscious world-wide movement. The origin of these movements is in the primitive and elemental life of the race. The Old Testament and the contemporaries of every race and faith had the group unit and the sense of belonging. The most conspicuous lack of the ancient world was the absence of the ideas of a separate individuality and the sacredness of life. Today the old mother of Russia must return; for what matters it about her if her people are not free? Assimilated foreigners at periods quickly and easily revert to tribal gods and ideas; ancestor worship still has some hold; psychology is seeking its scientific basis for child study therefrom; Tennyson sensed it in the "Baby new to earth and sky . . ." Man is a social outcome. What is his was society's first. "He that will save his life shall lose it" has ages behind it. Human nature is more than individual and less than institutions—it is grouping. One man makes a monarchy but the commune seems to come from the hand of God.

And if we recognize the depths of origins, our industrial turnings will seem to be normal. The ancients and the mediaevals possessed what a vast movement today is attempting to repossess, viz., a solidarity of communal life.

Points of cleavage came in the French Revolution, today in the Russian Revolution, in the sixteenth century Reformation, where private judgment disintegrated the individual from the group. Jeremiah and Elijah first placed individual responsibility on the soul that sinneth. Jesus saw individuals and emancipated them one by one and sent them forth two by two and in sixes, in twelves, in five thousands. When the Holy Ghost descended, there was again primitive communism.

Today there are tendencies to solidarity, as seen in the agrarian movement, in the basic industrial groups, in the O.B.U., in capital, in professions, in religions. And wherever there is the tendency to exclusion at the same time, one movement is no better than the others, even if a bit more polite. The group movements have a great deal of conscience and intelligence behind them, as exemplified in such men as Arthur Henderson, Will Crooks and Ramsay MacDonald.

No longer can we entertain the sole supremacy of hate. One writer suggests two parliaments, one political, the other industrial. Whatever may be the outcome, politics must enter into the economic sphere. The church consciousness and conscience must turn to the group.

"The Common Denominator"

There is the reassertion of the family to privacy and supremacy. The family is the most primitive and the most persistent. Westermarck of Finland in his "History of Human Marriage" is given the credit for "the parental instinct is deeper than any other." Political, social and ecclesiastical changes did not alter this simple, vital, beautiful, heavenly

obligation. Even with odds of much of our normal life against the family, it persists and lays claim to be the highest and best type of the spiritual world. Family terms and life are like a binding in the scriptures. Evangelism has its hope in being able to revive memories of home experiences. Neighborhood, industrial, political, ecclesiastical terms are secondary. The church was born and cradled in a home and must ever remain in second place.

Every human being has the human right to normal birth, which means the care of mothers, helping her to function. Industry must not be allowed to crush out wifehood. She must have time, leisure and peace of mind. And yet today there is only one nation that pensions a mother six weeks before and after birthgiving and that nation is Soviet Russia. The lie was given to the infamous blasphemies about the communism of wives. Sex instruction was suggested for the control of births. Children should know the truth of their natures from the whitest heart and the cleanest lips rather than from the worst boys in school. Seventy-five per cent. of the blindness could be prevented by care at birth.

The family, too, must be taken as the unit of the standard of living. The family and not the single man is the real unit. Family men must be attracted and held in industries. Child labor must be stopped. The boy of the family is worth more than an output. Women must not be obliged to work long hours, particularly if they have children awaiting them at home. Homes with all the space needed for modesty and for play must be our aim.

The church must act collectively in this movement. The second birth depends on the first birth. Both are holy. She must urge the family type of orphanage, of hospital. Families should be sought as a unit in church membership. Churches should not urge mothers and fathers to leave the children in order to swell church attendance.

At present, if we do not make a family investment, a new barbarism is inevitable. The advance in the world will be no faster than the home development.

"The Survival and Revival of Neighborhood"

The detached man is a wandering servant, a disease carrier, a spectacle of modern civilization. Still more pitiful is the detached woman without home and child. No community should have any. Every community should provide attachment. The state should become a great public mother to detached children.

Detached families are little less pitiful. The unit is too small. The younger break away and seek those of their own age. Detached groups are dangerous.

The bond of attachment is the neighborhood. The family is too small. Politics is too big. Jesus attached the individual to his neighbor. Neighborhood in another thread of the old book.

Immigrants usually come to where they can find their neighbors. But as Jane Adams says: "Our immigration has less of heart and conscience in it than any other supervision." Neighbors of a foreign community rejoice with the parents of a successful son because he is the son of the neighborhood. No one who wishes to do social work in any community should ever disparage the neighborhood. No greater and more tender self-sacrificing has ever been witnessed than that of tenement neighborhoods.

Our mobility of population, immigration, the city trend, modern industry and business undermine neighborship. New forms, such as the playground, the new foreign schools, trade unions and the community church are restoring the old bonds of fellowship.

The orthodoxy of the spirit must be taken instead of creeds to reunite people once more.

"The Inter-Church Report on the Steel Strike"

Brave men in this inter-church movement hewed the line. They laid down four principles applicable to modern industrial conditions.

1. The worth of the individual.
2. Brotherhood.
3. Service.
4. The kingdom on earth.

We look to industry to usher in conditions where it will be easy to do right and hard to do wrong.

The Steel Co., of Pittsburg, was held in review and the plumb-line of these principles let down. No adequate review of that memorable volume could be given here. Dr. Taylor advised the purchase of the report in preference to any other modern volumes on the same question. Suffice it to state that the company was weighed and found wanting. They may have withheld the necessary information which would have placed them before the public as more humane, but they stand condemned in the report. Regret was expressed that before the volume had been closed, that other industries had not been visited. Dr. Taylor, before reviewing the report, examined the conditions in the Tennessee Iron and Coal Works and found humane conditions. Its president was a farsighted, humane, Christian gentleman, who provided an open way between employer and employee.

The ministers in general were censured in the report because they had taken little active part, and where they did act, it was to censure labor and to champion corporation.

The main charge against the commission by the high financiers was that "the principles of Jesus and the Sermon on the Mount were being injected into industrial relationships."

Dr. Taylor praised the "Rotary" movement in that it emphasized a vocation to serve society; that man must first be ethical; that business must take only that profit which will be

beneficial to all; that the genius of co-operation was to be encouraged and the golden rule be applied universally.

"The Community and the Church"

The Greek terms: church and town meeting, were synonymous. The church was born in the cities. It always showed results of its environment, in the patriarchal, agricultural, captivity, Pentecostal, Greek, Roman, Japanese, Chinese stages. We should always allow the type peculiar to needs.

Next to the family, terms of government were taken for the terms of the city of God. John saw the New Jerusalem with no temple therein as the divine consummation of the ages. Today, we are actually working to that social type.

The Pilgrim Fathers established a centre church in each town. One of Hooker's sermons was taken as the basis of constitutional government in Connecticut. The civil community was then the expression of the church. That lasted till thirty years ago. Now the school alone is the citadel of freedom.

Slowly local government is taking education, public charity, the care of the sick, the protection of the pursued fugitive and the building of massive architecture, away from the church. Is then the church passing? No. She has built better than she thought. She could not be confined. She extended into the community. She built better than she could pursue. So the state had to take up her work on a larger scale. And we ought to be thankful.

We as a church have still a work to do. Life is becoming more and more exacting. Democracy is becoming more direct. Each one is more responsible and therefore ought to be more religious. The church still is the great idealizer, pointing to heights hitherto unclimbed. She, too, is the greatest of inspirers. Her own members and groups everywhere need her in this. Her executive ability seems to be weak. But from her life, men and women step forth into life to execute, to demand law and order, to be charitable, to legislate. And the church supplies the greatest dynamic of all the ages—the master motive—the cross of sacrifice. That cross today has to be interpreted in terms of economic freedom and religious and political passion.

Some day we shall have no need of a temple, for all our callings will be as sacred as worship. Nothing less than a saved community and a saved world should be our kingdom.

SENIORS AND ALUMNI

When choosing wedding presents don't forget a subscription to "Vox," which can be obtained for 35 cents a copy.

Circulation Manager.



With this issue "Vox Wesleyana" begins its twenty-fourth year.

At one time it looked extremely doubtful whether "Vox" would make an appearance at all this college year, owing to the fact that Wesley has taken a share in the production of the "Manitoban." That, however, does not establish a precedent.

As a consequence of paying for the Wesley page in the "Manitoban," we were unable to finance the monthly edition of "Vox," and this year, at least, it will be limited to three issues. Whether even that can be financed successfully remains to be seen.

It was felt by the student body that our support of the "Manitoban" would greatly assist the development of the university spirit, "which is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for," and already partially attained.

At the same time it was keenly felt by others that "Vox" held a unique place in the minds of many of the alumni, and that for sentimental reasons "Vox" should be maintained in the life of Wesley. There can be no question but that the fostering and maintenance of the university spirit can best be attained by the inculcation and direction of a college spirit. Just as the making of good Canadians will tend to a greater, firmer loyalty to the British empire, so we feel that our loyalty to Wesley will tend to give the wider vision, deeper sympathy, and truer co-operation in all our concerns with the University.

Under the energetic and efficient leadership of A. Murray, the Wesley page in the "Manitoban" is already reflecting great credit on himself and his staff. There are reasons for thinking that Wesley will maintain her supremacy in that respect.

The united Hallowe'en parade was a striking and demonstrative success.

In these days when the best thrills are wanting, we do not mind confessing that we were thrilled as we watched that parade.

This was not a martial thrill, spite of the fact that the bands did their noisiest to inspire it; nor was it caused by the spectacular or gruesome; but it was stimulated by the thought that here, for the first time, were all the faculties represented in one well-organized, well-conducted and harmonious parade.

We can remember Hallowe'en displays which were far more conducive to cracked craniums and touchy tempers. But that was in the golden age!

EDITORIAL BREVITIES

This year Wesley has the largest registration ever. And surely never before was there such a fine, helpful, genial spirit among the different years.

Probably the audacious inventiveness of golden-haired Sophomores in obtaining forbidden "eats" even helps to produce geniality.

With such a large student body, might we not hope that some artistic and literary talent is lying dormant and unsuspected? We shall be glad to receive your contributions. "Vox" is what the students make it.

T. M. Dadson, M.A.

Thomas McCosh Dadson was born at Denfield, Ontario, of English parentage. He received his public school training in Woodstock, Ontario, and pursued his high school studies in Woodstock College and in the High School at Montreal.

Shortly after leaving school he engaged in the European office of a Canadian timber firm. Returning to Canada he took up the work leading to an Arts degree in McMaster University. After getting his Master's degree in History, he taught his favorite subject until he enlisted in the chaplain service of Canada in 1917. In this branch of the army he saw service with the Canadian troops in Siberia. We welcome Professor Dadson to our College. We enjoy his droll, serious expression and hope that he may long continue to teach us "how we came to what we are."

A. S. C.

G. G. Greever, Ph.D.

Garland G. Greever was born in Lead Hill, Arkansas, of English-American parentage. Here he received his public school

education until his parents moved to Carthage, Missouri, where he completed his high school work. He obtained his Arts degree from the Central College, Fayette, Missouri, one of the Methodist Colleges of the state. During his undergraduate career he took part in the debating activities and was editor of the "Central Collegian."

His Master's degree was obtained in "Trinity," the Methodist College at Durham, North Carolina, where he held a fellowship in English. On the completion of his degree work he became head of the Durham High School and devoted some years to teaching before proceeding to Harvard to take up his Doctor's work in English. He received the degree of Ph.D. on special work concerning the romantic movement in English literature. Following this he obtained a Harvard travelling scholarship in Europe during the years 1914-15, visiting England, France, Italy and Switzerland.

In 1908 he married Miss May Stocking, who obtained her training in the Howard-Payne College, of Fletcher, Missouri. Their home is blessed by a son, William St. Clair.

Professor Greever has devoted his time to the teaching of his favorite subject and publishing books. On his return from Europe he was appointed Associate Professor of English in the Washington-Lee University. Subsequently he was entrusted with similar positions in the University of Indiana and later in the University of Illinois. Some of his best known books are "Three American Poems," "The Century Handbook of Writing," published in co-operation with Prof. E. S. Jones, of Illinois University, and "Facts and Backgrounds of Literature, English and American," published in collaboration with Geo. F. Reynolds, of the University of Colorado. Another book is now in the hands of the publishers, "A Wiltshire Parson and His Friends," a volume of correspondence dealing with the romantic school of poets.

As a review and magazine writer Professor Greever is widely known. His reviews and articles have appeared in "The Dial," "The Nation," and in leading American philological journals.

We are glad to have Professor Greever with us. His winning smile and gentlemanly manners have endeared him to us all.

Carl N. Halstead

Wasn't it Captain Cuttle who used to say, "Train up a fig tree in the way it should go and when you are old sit under the shade of it?" Carl Halstead (recently appointed teacher in the Matriculation Department and Dean of Residence, was transplanted from a Roland nursery into the Wesley arbor back in 1913 and now, having flourished as any self-respecting green bay tree should—or fig tree for that matter—under the culture of successive gardeners, is in a position to cast his shade over many of Wesley's current student generation, and to drop the fruit of knowledge into their laps. "Vox" extends its heartiest welcome and congratulations.

When interviewed in his cosy library by our special reporter he was found to be in a most genial mood and was pleased to make public for the first time certain facts in regard to his past life. A member of the illustrious '17 class in the year of United College and the big initiation, his course was twice interrupted, once by physical disability and the second time by international complications. Enlisting with the C.A.M.C. in 1916, he found himself in France in the same year and continued on active service until the cessation of hostilities. With leisure then to indulge his tasks as traveller and scholar, he journeyed extensively through France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, England, Ireland and Scotland, not forgetting Monte Carlo. With the historic background thus in mind he studied history and political economy at the Khaki University at Ripon until he returned to Canada, in 1919, when he completed his studies at his Alma Mater, graduating with the class of 1920. He was immediately added to the staff of the College, where he was entrusted with duties which his general popularity and many qualifications, intellectual, moral, athletic and social, enable him to fulfil most successfully.

It was with real regret, as on leaving a dear friend, that the reporter took his departure after collecting much other valuable and interesting information as to his ideas on jazz, the movies, Sinn Fein, the Bolshevik menace, the presidential elections, his pet superstition and favorite breakfast food, material which the Editor is regretfully compelled to exclude owing to lack of space.

A. Russell Cragg, B.A.

The announcement of Mr. A. Russell Cragg's appointment to a position on the staff of Wesley College was received with unqualified satisfaction on the part of all who know him.

Mr. Cragg was born in Goldstone, Ontario. After completing his high school training, the doughty Russell turned his steps westward. He entered Normal, graduated with honors and took up the work of teaching. It soon became abundantly apparent that Mr. Cragg had found his true vocation. The change which he made two years later was one of method only, since, as a probationer for the Methodist ministry, he who had been a teacher in the stricter sense of the term, was still a teacher, but

that in that somewhat broader social sense, and in this new relationship Mr. Cragg's genuine sincerity and manly devotion won for him the true respect and loyal support of the entire community.

Mr. Cragg entered Wesley in 1914. During his entire course he took a most active interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the College. In electing him to the office of Senior Stick his fellow students conferred upon him the highest honor in the gift of the student body. And under his able leadership the students worthily upheld the noblest traditions of the College.

To his work as a teacher Mr. Cragg brings not only the advantages of a splendid academic and professional training, but also a sympathetic appreciation of the many problems that confront students.

We welcome Mr. Cragg with the fullest confidence that he will have an evergrowing place in all that is best in the life of his Alma Mater.

ADVICE TO THE UNINITIATED

When a Freshman first enters college he leaves behind old associations, and finds himself in a world both new and strange. It is at this time, while he is getting used to the new order, that a few words of advice will be found helpful. And who is better

qualified to give advice than one who recently has passed through an experience? Let me pause a moment and lightly touch on one or two subjects.

The first time the Freshman passes through the wide folding-doors he has a feeling that he is treading on holy ground. The very atmosphere of the building lends itself to veneration, and he opens his eyes a little wider to gaze with admiration on all who seem to be at home in this wonderful place. "Since they are so familiar with it," he thinks, "surely they have been imbued with much of its ennobling spirit!" Do not always judge by appearances. It has so happened that comparatively few of the Seniors were around when he came in, and the aspect of the place is not always thus.

"Who is that scholarly person," someone asks, "that is in such deep meditation? Is he the professor in philosophy?"

"No, he is not a prof.—as a matter of fact he is not even a Senior. 'Tis Archibald, revolving in his mind mathematical problems of the size of cartwheels."

"Nor is that person next to him a prof. He might be taken for the teacher in English, for he discourses with great command of words on all things connected with our literature, but while he has won considerable fame by his Pindaric Ode to the '23 class, he is still serving his apprenticeship to the profession."

It is not necessary to use language that has been polished like an imperial brass button. The words, here as elsewhere, are suited to the thought. As time goes by, the newcomer will not find himself saying, "Is it your desire to take a walk down to Del Monico's ice cream parlor and there to partake of their delectable offerings?" Even a fourth year student would turn around and say: "Aw, you poor fish, com'n down to the Del's for an ice cream sundae."

The advice, in short, is this: Do not build on first impressions.

RECENS.

SPARLING HALL

In the beginning created the Spirit of Wesley Sparling Hall. And the spirit of freedom was upon the face of the walls. But life to the girls was void and empty. Then said the great Spirit of Wesley: Let there be boys and there were boys and they did feast and drink in Sparling Hall and lo, the girls were glad and saw that it was good. Then said the great Seraph of the Hall: Let there be no hasty toilettes and there were none, for the boys, they came there. And there arose from the faces of the girls smiles that brought forth fruit each after its own kind and they increased and multiplied exceedingly and the Hall was

filled with them. And the boys waxed courteous in bearing and happy in spirits and grew in favor and grace with the girls.

And it came to pass, when smiles began to multiply on the faces of the boys and food was brought before them, that the boys looked and saw that the time was short wherein they might feast and drink. And they walked not in the ways of the idlers and they made haste. Now, there were certain girls that were fond of bracelets and perfume boxes and amulets, and festival robes and rings, and hand mirrors and fine linen. And they walked in the ways of the idle and their speech was as the sound of many falling waters and great was their gossip. And they were ungrateful and said in their hearts: Lo, all these boys are a tribulation and a yoke upon us. For now we are like unto the idols of the Egyptians and ideals incarnate—so stiff and coiffure-tabooed we are. And now we are like unto handmaidens and must sit and stir as the Seraph bids us and we must make haste with our food and drink. And they wept loudly and bewailed their bygone days. Then was heard the voice of the great Seraph saying: Woe unto them that sulk and are ungrateful; for the scourges of forlornness are visited upon them. Behold the works of the great Spirit of Wesley, how great and manifold they are. Rejoice, oh daughters of Wesley and break out into a song of praise. And the ungrateful ones were stricken in their conscience and mended their ways. And there was peace and smiles in Sparling Hall.

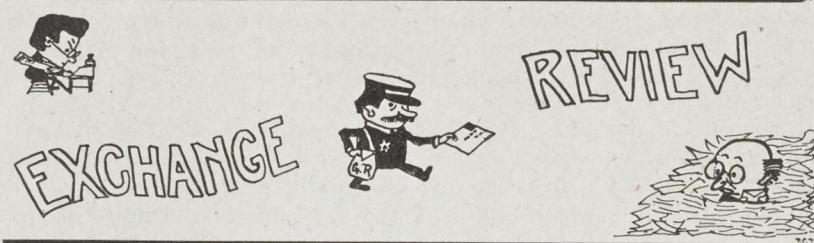
HAUD SCIO, '23.

BILL DAVIS ON LOVE

Love is like a balloon. Its true element is among the clouds. Besides, the cover of a balloon is filled with gas in much the same way as the heart, under the influence of love, is partly filled with hot air. This hot air causes a tickling sensation under the ribs. There is no way of getting at this funny feeling, and its presence is a great annoyance.

The effects of love are numerous. Brother Fred becomes more pleasant than usual when all goes well, but there are times when he becomes snappy. It is then he says that love is a feeling one has that the other fellow shouldn't come around so often to see her.

Please, teacher, I have never had an attack of this sickness myself, so this is all I can tell you.



The traditional and accepted idea regarding the Editor of "Exchange and Review" is one of a bespectacled victim submerged and sinking beneath a flood of "copies"—the same idea being artistically depicted above. We have fallen on a "lean year." One single, solitary number—"The Central Wesleyan Star" has reached us, to date.

Clearly this is an invitation to us to wander ad libitum—to become a sort of free-lance among Exchangers and Reviewers.

Our attention has been called to an article in the issue of "The Christian Guardian" for November 3rd, under the abrupt and pertinent caption: "Who Paid for Your Education?" It is from the pen of George J. Trueman, M.A., Ph.D., Assistant Secretary of Education. Let him speak for himself:

"Very few of us can justify the claim that we owe no one for our education. Even if one making the claim has not attended other than the free schools of his district he should consider three things:

"First, such an education is only possible at all when the whole group work together for the maintenance of the school. One person could not possibly hire a teacher and support a school. Yet the services of the teacher and his use of the plant are there, free for all, and the presence, co-operation, and competition of the other pupils make the school much more valuable to the pupil than if he enjoyed the school as its sole member.

"Secondly, the school is supported by all the property of the district. Large numbers of the property-holders have no children at school, and yet they have to pay the same annual tax rate as others. In fact the great majority of children in a school section are not from the homes of the heavy taxpayers.

"Thirdly, large grants come from the provincial governments in each province, both to help build and maintain the schools. This money came to the province either through federal subsidies or it was collected largely from big estates and large business corporations.

"Clearly, then, the men and the women who were educated in the free schools have not paid for their own education. They have been educated by the group, and owe more to others than they may reasonably hope to return to them."

After giving some general statistics regarding Ontario universities and colleges, Mr. Trueman passes on to speak of "Church Schools," instancing Victoria University, and asks:

"Can the students who have attended Victoria, for instance, produce facts to support the claim that they owe no one for their education?

"Firstly, there is the investment in the plant. This represents more than a million dollars of money given by men and women of great faith, of far vision, and heroic in their willingness to serve. There is also the investment in human life of those who have given themselves, who have established standards of scholarship and service, and made possible the great traditions of the college.

"Secondly, there is the annual income received from permanent endowment and similar sources, all free-will offerings from those who believe it more blessed to give than to receive. From this source in 1919-1920 Victoria received about \$90,000 of her revenue.

"Lastly, there is the contribution from the Educational Fund of the church, from which Victoria last year received \$33,000.

"The fees of the students themselves made up \$19,413.86 out of an expenditure of \$149,700. They contributed less than one-seventh of the actual money spent in giving them one year at the college. All the students' fees together just a little more than paid for the coal to keep them physically warm. When the fact is considered that most of them came from homes of moderate income, and that in addition to tuition they had to pay for board, room and personal expenses, it becomes plain that most of them could not have come to Victoria at all if they had been required to pay the actual cost of their education. What has been said of Victoria is true also of our other Methodist colleges.

"Education is a community or national problem, only possible when it is handled and paid for by the group. The more an individual has attended school the more he owes the group."

In our own College the student fees cover approximately fifteen per cent. of the total expenditure, which shows that there is little variation as amongst the different colleges.

There are one or two reflections growing out of this information. In the first place, it re-enforces, from one angle at least, the arresting declaration of Prof. Graham Taylor that: "The student is under a tremendous obligation to the community for the opportunity and for the leisure so essential to culture." Further, it shows clearly that the community willingly and cheerfully pays the price of this student privilege. The community has perfect faith that its students will repay it, in trained and enlightened service, for this priceless privilege.

Such reflections place a high premium upon student life. Such a challenge need not fill us with confusion and panic; it should rather evoke a response finding expression in consistent service.

E. S. D., '22.



The season 1920-21 opened with a better enrolment than ever before. Notwithstanding their numbers, we find that in both Matriculation and Arts, the Freshman classes are above the average as all-round good students. They soon settled into the life of the College, and their behavior is a credit to them.

The opening of the social season was marked by the Freshmen's Informal Reception, which, while possessing the usual bewildering features of making acquaintances, was still different and better organized than some Informals of the past.

Shortly afterwards followed the Formal Reception, for which a splendid literary and musical program was arranged. Then for variety, several affairs intervened, which brought to the Freshmen another side of college life. Wesley field meet at Sargent Park was well attended, and showed the spirit of Wesley.

Then initiation followed, with its thrills and terrors, after which the Freshies felt that they really were a part of the College, just as the molasses and plumage were a part of them. Their spirit was proved at the intercollegiate field meet, where our Freshmen helped to make the biggest crowd of rooters, and also to add considerably to our track material.

This pleasant intermission being over, we came back to social functions. The most brilliant of the season was the Board reception and opening of the old building after remodeling. Both buildings of the College were inspected. The audience was honored and greatly benefited by the address of Dr. Graham, the representative of the Methodist Board of Education. He brought a very optimistic message from headquarters at Toronto. After the address of opening, the comfortable quarters of the ladies and gentlemen in the two buildings were shown off to advantage.

The next in order was the S.C.M. rally, which, while rather poorly attended, succeeded in its purpose, and those who missed it surely missed something worth while.

The student body were made the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Argue at their home in St. James. The students tramped out from the Deer Lodge loop and held a camp-fire supper on Prof. Argue's grounds.

Still another side of college life was shown the new students when the intercollegiate debating series opened with a debate between Wesley and Medicals on the Chinese poll tax. Our

debaters proved successful in winning the day, which was a good example for us to follow in future encounters.

The next two affairs, or rather two parts of the same, proved the most successful of the various social events. Departing from the old system of short skits from each class in competition for a prize, the several classes made their stunts really literary, and by allowing more time for each class, the result was that two excellent programs were staged—Third and Fourth Year stunts on November 12th, and First, Second Years, and Matriculation on November 20th. The considerable amount of work put on these programs by the classes is worthy of commendation.

For the older members of the student body, the fall season has shown itself to be the opening of a new era in our College life from a social point of view.

TABLE MANNERS FOR FRESHIES

Ho, all ye Freshmen, if you want to die
 Just come around to dinner with a small jazz tie.
 It may pass with a Senior, a Junior or a Soph,
 But for a Freshie, well he'd better leave it off.

Here's another warning that we'd like to state,
 Never appear with "Stabac" on your pate;
 You must part it in the middle from front to back you see,
 And put your bib in your collar and not upon your knee.

Once again I warn you concerning serviettes,
 Keep them in your rings, and please conceal your bets;
 And as for throwing water at a full-dress meal,
 Continue this awhile and 'twill never work you weal.

You'll get into trouble if you don't take care,
 And stop throwing glances at the ladies fair;
 For smiles and winks forever must forbidden be,
 They cannot be permitted to a fresh Freshie.

Neva to Hazel: "How would I look with red hair?"
 Very nicely Neva, very nicely.

Thelma: "I just love male voices."

Prof. H. (in psych.): "Now, Mr. B., if a cannon were fired off in the woods a hundred miles from any human being, would there be any sound?"

Mr. B.: "How could it be fired off if no one was near?"

Isn't Estelle the frankest girl?

STUNT NIGHTS AT WESLEY

On Friday, November 12th, Second and Third Year presented their stunts.

Third Year featured a rural picture show, which brought back hilarious memories to the watchers from "back woodsy" places. Some of the past pleasures of Wesley, including views from field day, were very cleverly shown. But it was in the realm of tragedy that the movie stars were seen to best advantage. The customary, but nevertheless thrilling (?) events were staged. Enter heroine, face registers fear and horror. After frantic arm waving she faints. Enter villain, also huge bottle. Exit villain. Hero enters, sees fainting heroine, stoops. Re-enter villain, with knife. Fierce fight. Heroine carried to safety. The comedy "Soup and Pancakes," brought back pleasant Hall memories and Charlie's dexterity at "flip flopping" pancakes was much admired.

Fourth Year presented a problem play, "Behind the Beyond." Free handkerchiefs, supplied for the occasion, were much in demand. It was the old, old story of a faithless wife, a grave in Switzerland, then a new wife. During the last thrilling proposal many ladies wept audibly, probably from jealousy. Who knows?

The following Friday, First Year, Grades IX. and X., Grade XI. and Second Year displayed their talent.

First Year presented "The Reveries of a College Boy on the Eve of Convocation." Our kind Lady Stick, in preparation for the parade, the hike with its hammock memories, the Senior who didn't take a girl, and other incidents were recalled to memory by the graduating Senior. The stunt was concluded by a Spanish dance and chorus.

A mock wedding, coupled with much humorous advice, was the subject presented by Grades IX. and X. The costuming was delightful and due appreciation must be given the bride's cabbage bouquet. Some of the audience felt that others than the participants in the ceremony needed advice.

Grade XI.'s skit, "Advertising for a Husband," was original and well presented. The second part of their stunt formed some excellent advertising for "Tanlac." Many wonderful surgical operations were conducted and though the best modern surgery was not employed, by the aid of "Tanlac" a complete cure was effected in every case.

The closing stunt of the evening was given by Second Year. They presented a modernized "As You Like It." It was constructed from the combined slang fund of forty Sophs and doubtless would have been a surprise to Willie had he been present.

The Grade XI. orchestra performed very acceptably at both stunt nights.

The prize of the contest was carried off by Second Year.

The members of the '22 Arts celebrated their first get-together at the home of Ruth Hetherington. It was indeed an enjoyable evening. Numerous couples were heard groping their way touchingly through the mist. Some rang at least seven doorbells before encountering 105 Evanson.

After discovering the underlying mystery of many games, the winning couple proceeded to the next table. It was noticed that some had a dizzy time circling their respective tables, but for the most part we managed to move at least twice.

Miss Ramsay and Thorlakson, winning the highest number of points, were presented with a red and blue encircled box of chocolates. Ella received the chocolates, which we all demolished while Thor rendered a speech. The remainder of the evening was spent in song.

We all wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hetherington for the wonderful evening enjoyed by all.

Why do men have so many pockets?
Because they wear collars.

The Serenaders

Oh, yes at half past twelve at night
The blissful echoes strain,
From out the window last but one
Of Wesley's halls—third flight.
Alas, we add, 'tis not in vain,
For Sparling Hall returns the strain
"Encore, encore, some more."

Things that don't get you anywhere:
Waiting for the boys to disappear from the windows so you
can shake your rugs on the fire escape.
Refusing pancakes in the hope of getting pineapple.
Hunting for a pair of boots behind the scenes.
Getting in to Residence at 11.31.

Matric. (to Myrtle after stunt night): "How does it feel to
be in a man's arms?"

Were the flashlights good?
The answer is in the negative.

Bright thought for exams.:
"The petty done, the undone vast."

"Many a farewell word
And sweet good-night on the door-step."



Co-Ed Field Day

Even Old Sol beamed when he saw the Co-eds of the various Colleges assembled to defend their school to the last low hurdle. They were suitably garbed. The fire of enthusiasm and zeal and what-not shone in their eyes.

A baseball game between Varsity and Wesley started the day's events off with a bang. The spectators were held breathless by the exhibition of speed. Hair-breadth escapes, swift pitching and skilful catching kept their interest during five innings. They were more breathless than usual when Varsity short-stop made a brilliant catch, reclining on her left ear the while. The score? Some tales were better left untold.

Wesley showed speed in the 50 yard dash, securing first and third places. The sack race provoked loud gurgles of mirth from the crowd, but never a tear for the odd elbow that skidded. Skinny solved the problem of navigation and led old Buka-Laka to victory on one foot.

Varsity Arts illustrated "Would I were a Bird," in the high jump and carried off almost all the points in sight.

In the obstacle race the girls showed good results of their rigorous summer training. Long abstinence from Del's fudge and coca-cola was rewarded. Instead of flying gracefully over a hurdle, one was obliged to wriggle through. Woe to the lady of avoirdupois who became attached to an affectionate hurdle! Then one jumped over a chair and incidentally left a cutaneous memento and staggered to the tape amidst wild cheers.

After the standing broad jump, in which Wesley took first place, there was a suitcase race, which seemed to appeal to the mob. One put a coat, skirt and hat into a suitcase, grabbed an umbrella in one hand and the valise in the other, dashed fifty yards, struggled into the coat and skirt, put the hat over the face, seized the umbrella and galloped back again. Some of the costumes were very original and one young umbrella was "too cute for words."

The relay race went to good old Buka-Laka. The hundred yards walk was quite a feature, even though some of the male

onlookers insisted that it wasn't walking. Did we walk? Well, we thought we did. Practice in sprinting to lectures at 9 a.m. availed us nought, though, when we think of it, our pace took the form of a dog-trot when cantering over to Varsity lectures.

The sports ended with a baseball game between Varsity Arts and St. John's, but by this time excitement was common fare to the crowd. Wild howls broke forth at times when a home-run was hit or a spectacular catch was made. St. John's showed good sportsmanship in getting out a team at all, and therefore you must look for the score elsewhere. A sisterly feeling prevents us placing it in these annals.

The day was such a success that it is quite possible that it may be a permanent institution.

The points gained by the teams were: Varsity, 44½; Wesley, 29½; Medicals, 4; St. John's, 2.

Inter-class games are being arranged in basketball and we anticipate finding a number of white hopes.

We watch the arrangements for an open-air rink with great interest, for we are waiting for the time when we will be out with stick and puck cheerfully barking our shins (and the other fellow's).

Mrs. Ashdown entertained the Wesleyettes at a delightful tea at her home on October 12th.

The Wesley Alumnae Association gave a tea in honor of Third and Fourth Year girls on November 13th, at Sparling Hall. Miss May Bere gave a most interesting talk. The Arts girls appreciated meeting so many of the Alumnae.

Y.W.C.A.

The Y.W. has been a live organization this year and has gone "over the top" in its recent financial campaign. Dr. Jessie McBean is to talk to the girls about her experiences and a delegate is to be elected to attend the national assembly of students at Guelph.

Found on the top flat telephone:

Heaven or Hell

It is turn or burn. Make your choice.

Echoes of Eternity

16 kinds

6d. net

8d. (post free)

Freshette (over the telephone): "Yes, but I'm not sure who is speaking. Where do you sit in class?"

INITIATION

There was a sound of deviltry by night,
In Sparling Hall, and gathered there
Were ghostly Sophs and Freshie kids.

After roll call, blindfolded and in stocking feet, the Freshettes were led by masked ghosts, through devious by-ways, to the hidden caves of Ghostland.

The entrance was somewhat hasty, being made in a tin tub down a steep descent, toboggan fashion, but the stop was not so easy as in that ideal sport and the Freshettes alighted upon bedsprings, which were very comfortable to stocking feet.

Again escorted by ghosts, the Freshies took the oath of the Dead Hand, swearing allegiance to their Alma Mater and strict obedience to their learned Seniors, frivolous Juniors, and self-satisfied Sophs, to seal which they kissed the "book"—abundantly besmeared with vaseline and burnt cork. Badges of fly paper were stuck on these villeins in token of their vassalage.

The next torture was that of the sneezing chamber, where by aid of burning red pepper, it was hoped much of their freshness might be expelled.

Accompanied once more by the ghosts, all gathered in the central cave, where mysterious salve of capsoline, vaseline and mustard was administered to the backs to stimulate the spinal column.

The tragical death of one John Smith, a "Freshie," was now related, to warn the Freshies of a similar fate should they be naughty. To add spirit to the tale, the eyes, teeth, brains, bones, heart and liver of the lamented John were passed around for inspection. The sad song, "Did you ever think as the hearse rolls by," was mournfully sung amid heart-rending sobs.

Again blindfolded, these inexperienced were marshalled with water-pistols and cap-guns, after which they were taken back to their beloved Sparling Hall, where a wild scramble ensued for boots and shoes—somewhat jumbled together.

A social half-hour, when popular and college songs were sung, and candy and apples were partaken of, closed this eventful evening—though to be sure the apples were green!

Both Seniors and Freshies enjoyed themselves immensely, and we hope that these splendid girls will derive as much merriment from next year's festivities.

Longfellow on Sparling Hall:
"Short allowance of victual
And plenty of nothing but gospel."

The reason women are so foolish is because they were made to be companions of men.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY

On entering Wesley College this fall, most of us, especially the older students, were filled with a desire and determination to make this year one of the best in the history of the institution. This spirit was aroused no doubt by the splendid appearance of old Wesley, both inside and out. We all know this change was only made possible by the untiring efforts of Dr. Riddell.

The Social and Literary executive caught this spirit and to a man resolved to make this year a banner one for the College generally and for the Social and Literary Society in particular. Many ways and means for entertaining the student body were discussed and many plans formed, some of which have matured. Others we are holding back till after Christmas.

Our first attempt, the Freshmen's Informal Reception, was, judging from the shrieks of laughter which issued from the Convocation Hall that night, a "howling" success.

The Freshmen's Formal Reception, while of a different character entirely, was none the less as successful as our previous entertainment. And those eats. Oh boy!

Then that long tramp we had and the big bonfire at the Argue Ranch, the marshmallows, the sausages, the apples and last, but not least, the hammock. Did we have a good outing? Ask the Senior Stick.

Next came the class nights. In place of the time-honored Class Stunt Night, we decided to call these nights Class Literary Nights, the purpose being to give the classes a broader field to work on. This stand we think was justified by the improved quality of the entertainments this year. As a result of this the Social and Literary Society have decided to place in the College a pennant to be given each year to the class putting on the best entertainment. The pennant this year will go to Sophomores.

We have a real live program drawn up for the spring term, tobogganing, skating, a carnival, boys' and girls' lit., British Empire night, Wesley grads.' night and other lits. just as good.

In conclusion, the Social and Literary executive wish to take this opportunity of thanking all the students of Wesley College for turning out in such large numbers to our "affairs" and especially those who have assisted personally by contributing to our programs; yes, and those, too, who have helped wash dishes. We appreciate very much the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Argue for allowing us to have our bonfire at their summer home in St. Charles.

With the continued co-operation of the students of the College we hope to make this year the most successful year the Social and Literary have had for some time.

If we please, tell your friends and bring them with you. If we don't, tell us.

W. E. A., '21.



DISCUSSION PERIODS AT LUMSDEN.

Conference discussion hours are set apart for the express purpose of giving students the opportunity of discussing ways and means of furthering the work for which they are met together. Lumsden discussions were particularly important for two reasons: because it was the first joint conference of men and women, and also, because it was the first held after the time that leaders had realized that the new student movement was a recognized prospect.

Faced, first of all, with the question, "What is the most vital thing in life?" the unanimous response was "Our faith in God." All success is necessarily founded on our faith. If we are thus agreed, then some provision must be made in college life for this, the most necessary requirement of all.

In the past the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.'s have attempted to supply the need, but have not entirely succeeded. This was due largely to the fact that spiritual life is a growth from within, outward, whereas, in the past, an organization was established from without, into which an attempt was made to fit students. But they refused to be fitted.

Now the growing sentiment, that something more than college life has provided the "new student consciousness," as Miss Lowe, the student secretary terms it, is the most convincing proof of all that the great national, Christian movement is upon us. Again, the wonderful unanimity and co-operation along this line, evidenced at summer conferences, among both men and women, points also in the same direction.

Now the fact that the Y.W. in its financial campaign of last year failed to raise the budget required to "carry on" as formerly, rendered it necessary to drop some department, and feeling the women students better able to provide for themselves

than the girls of any other Y.W. department, it was decided to discontinue the student work after July of this year. That meant that unless action was taken, there would be no work being done among Canadian university women after July, 1920. Hence the need for action.

The Y.M., although facing certain financial stringency, too, was not so seriously situated, but expected to be able to maintain the student work in a somewhat curtailed manner. However, the movement was here, the women were forced to join and the men felt the time ripe for them as well.

As a result, the western students in conference drew up certain resolutions voicing their approval of the student Christian movement and appointing certain of their number to act on committees in launching it.

This is in brief, the business part of the Lumsden discussions, but perhaps the most important work done was the drafting of the aim, which read as follows:

"The Student Christian Movement in Canada is a fellowship of students founded upon a conviction that Jesus Christ in His life and teachings embodies the best conception of life we know and it is the purpose of the movement to seek to know God through Him and to be loyal to His spirit in all the relationships of life."

Notice, it is not an organization or society seeking members, but a spirit growing out of the fact that some students, perhaps only a few, but those few seeking to know God through Jesus Christ and striving to live out His principles in all the experiences of life. The S.C.M. is not a separate department of college life, but a part of it. The S.C.M. enthusiast should be the best all-round college student possible.

Can you think of Christ as a college student? If here in person, naturally His keenest interest would be the furthering of the kingdom of God. To do this, His efforts would not be expended in organization or the calling of meetings, although these might at times be necessary, but His best work would be done, as of yore, just by personal contact. He would be the best friend of the man on the football or baseball field as well as in the class-room, providing He could find a place.

The purpose of the S.C.M. is to give Him His place in college that He may be able to accomplish this end in His own natural way of just living. Anyone can be a part of this great movement, which is not only Canadian but international, if he only has a desire to know more of the Christ life. If so, the call is to get in on this movement and make life count.

DINING WITH THE BROBDINGNAGS

Denny: Do have another leg of mutton, Frank.

Frank: No thanks, old top, I have had a whole quarter already, but you may pass me a loaf of bread and that ten pound can of peaches.

Theolog.-d.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT in the three prairie provinces there are still over 50 fields where there is no minister for lack of men to send to them?

THAT beyond these districts there are others where there is no religious worship established in the English tongue?

THAT 53 per cent. of our Canadian population are non-English-speaking people who need to be Christianized and Canadianized if Canada is to remain a country with Anglo-Saxon ideals?

THAT there are alarmingly few men preparing for the ministry?

THAT our Methodist Church has a message, a gospel, an evangel that is adequate to the needs of today?

THAT the Christian ministry is a big man's job; a job to more than tax the powers of the most versatile man?

THAT there is no job on God's earth where personality and initiative count for more, or where it is more true that the job is just what you make it yourself?

THAT the Christian church is looking more eagerly, anxiously, and expectantly to the ranks of the student bodies of our colleges than anywhere else for young men with gifts, high vision and chivalrous devoted spirit to give themselves to this work?

PATHETIC

Prof. J---n, leaving the dining room at Sparling Hall and quoting Matthew Arnold: "Too few! too few! too few! are now my visits here!"

THE SINGLE MIND

D--n--n: "I can do French fine when I don't sit with the girls."

DEEP

C---t-r: "I always notice that the smaller the book the more work there is to it."



FOOTBALL (1920)

Are we downhearted? No!!!

The above is the pet expression of all enthusiastic followers of the pig-skin pastime at Wesley.

The senior schedule started off with a game against the Engineer eleven. Our fellows played hard but lacked finish, the final score being 1-0, the latter being Wesley's contribution to the score column. This was followed up by a game against Arts, an identical score being turned in; Arts having the one (1). A week later Law won their game against Wesley by a score of 2-1, after a hard-fought contest. In the fourth game Wesley met Aggies and a score of 3-0 in favor of the latter resulted. This is, however, no disgrace, as the Aggies have the best team in the league, and our fellows put up a splendid game. Last, but not least, came the game with Meds. Although played in several inches of snow, it was a good exhibition of football. For a while it looked as if we might win a game, the score being 2-1 in our favor. But Meds. woke up and shot in three more goals, the final score being 4-2 in their favor.

In the junior series it's the same story. The team tied Meds. 0-0, but lost to St. John's and Agriculture, 2-0 being final score of each game. The games were hard fought, but the goal was never in the right place and our fellows failed to score.

Really, all told, 'tis of a woeful tale we have to tell. However, we are not downhearted and have shown that we are "good" losers. We have several alibis—good ones, too (?). In the first game "Gordy" Churchill, our effective centre half-back, was laid up for the season with a sprained ankle. The line-up has never been the same for any two successive games, for various reasons which we can't a-Ford to mention at the present time. And last, but not least, much of the material in both senior and junior is new, and you can't make a fellow into a football player in a day, etc. But alibis aside, cheer up everybody!!! Next year will see us at the opposite end of the league standing.

Bert Mills and Bob Lawson, our senior and junior captains, are still optimistic (at least Bob is). There are two junior games to play, against Arts and Engineers. By the time you see this we will have won **some** games. Let's hope you did not miss them, but can honestly say, "I was there and helped cheer them on to victory." And even if they lose, be there! Our fellows have worked hard and certainly deserve credit for standing up so well against more experienced players.

TENNIS

Tennis provides the one bright spot in our sporting activities this year. In the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament several of the boys made an attempt to display their prowess in handling the racquet, but Art Burrows was the only one who made much headway. Wesley girls, though, as usual, did more than their share for the glory of the College.

A series of exciting matches was provided for the onlookers by the fair Co-eds of Wesley. In the ladies' singles, Mona McLachlin proved her superiority over all comers and in the final match with Miss Story put Wesley above the Meds. once again. The chief contestants in the ladies' doubles were Wesley girls, Marjorie Davis and Luella Telfer proving an unbeatable pair. Gladys Waters and Dot Strachan put up a hard fight in the final game, but were unable to wrest the prize of victory from their determined opponents. In the mixed doubles Miss McLachlin and Churchill got as far as the finals, but went down to defeat before Story and Story.

So runs the tale of tennis. Great credit is due to those who so hesitatingly entered the tournament and were so successful. Next year more determined efforts should be made to gain more events. The goal of victory is attained by continual practice, coupled with a little nerve.

REVEALING

Prof. Argue: "Who can tell me something about redundancy?"

W-v-r: "Words are the clothing of our thoughts. The fewer the words, the easier it is to distinguish the naked truth."

THE CHEST (Y) (K) NUT

Absent-minded Prof.: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

R--b--n: "No, sir, that was me. I'm repeating the course."

Prof.: "Extraordinary resemblance though, positively extraordinary."



The Alumnae Association held its annual Easter tea and election of officers at the Olympia tea rooms during Easter week. The "sweet girl graduates" of 1920 were the guests of honor. A number of out-of-town grads. were present and a delightful time was spent renewing old acquaintances.

The result of the election was as follows: Hon. Pres., Mrs. W. T. Allison; Pres., Miss Florence A. McNair; Vice-Pres., Miss Josephene Parkin; Sec.-Treas., Miss Mildred McMurray; Cor.-Sec., Miss Stella Ducher.

At a special business meeting held April 9th, in the Library, Wesley College, the Association discussed membership in the Federation of University Women in Canada. It was unanimously decided to become a unit in the Federation and Miss Vera Patrick was elected representative on the Dominion executive.

The Triennial Convention of the Federation met in Toronto during August and the Association was ably represented by Miss Ada Turner.

It is interesting to note that the Federation is not only national but is also a fully accredited member of an international federation whose purpose is "to promote understanding and friendship between the university women of the nations of the world, and thereby to further their interests and develop between their countries sympathy and mutual helpfulness."

The first regular meeting of the fall season was a reunion tea in the Rose Tea Room at Thanksgiving, when plans for the season's activities were discussed. One of these plans was a series of vocational teas for the Third and Fourth Year girls and the initial one was given at Sparling Hall, Saturday, November 13th.

The executive were the hostesses and were assisted by Miss Armstrong and Miss Johnston, while Mrs. W. T. Allison presided over the tea cups.

Miss May Bere, the speaker of the occasion, delighted her listeners by her interesting talk on "The Field of Applied Psychology." The opportunities of the psychologist in industry, the juvenile court, child-placing and the school, were presented

and opened up visions of new avenues of service. She advocated the study of science as preparatory work, the knowledge of anatomy being particularly valuable. Psychologist and nurse work in conjunction. The child or adult under consideration undergoes physical, mental and "social" tests, the latter relating to heredity, environment, free-time occupation and so forth.

Miss Fox very acceptably expressed the pleasure and appreciation of the gathering in a motion of thanks to Miss Bere.

ALUMNI ALUMNAEQUE

"Vox" is delighted to extend its heartiest congratulations and good wishes to all those included in the following list of marriages which have taken place during the summer and autumn:

- Miss Asta Austmann, '17, to Mr. Leifur Oddson.
- Miss Muriel Anderson, '17, to Dr. H. C. McAlister.
- Miss Ada Banks, '20, to Mr. McDougall, of Penticton.
- "Bill" Banks, '14, B.D. '20, to Miss Nellie Wickens.
- W. A. "Pat" Carrothers, '16, to Miss Agnes E. Gober.
- Miss Irene Connolly, '18, to Mr. Arthur Higgins, of Kam-sack, Sask.
- Ivan R. McHaffie, '17, to Miss Bernice McKinnon, of Winnipeg.
- Earl C. Popham, '13, to Miss Eleanor Groff.
- Stuart Schultz, '15, to Miss J. Gibson.
- G. H. Jackson, '16, to Miss Reta Brown.
- Miss Marjorie Somerset, '15, to Mr. Arthur Taylor, of Carievale, Sask.
- Bernard Workensin, '14, to Miss F. M. Allingham.
- Robt. F. Yule, '14, to Miss Elma Dunham, of Winnipeg.

Wesley College added to its Matriculation staff for the term of 1920 three members of its Alumni: C. N. Halstead, '20, who was also appointed to the responsible position of Dean of the Men's Residence; A. R. Cragg, '18, and L. V. Salton, '20.

W. H. Gray, '20, is assuming similar duties at the commencement of the New Year. To all of these "Vox" extends a hearty welcome.

Miss Maurine Robb, '15, is at present engaged in post-graduate study at Radcliffe College, in connection with Harvard University.

Walter Harvey, '14, is carrying on post-graduate work in Political Economy at the University of Toronto.

E. P. Scarlett, '16, on his way east, and C. W. McCool, on his way west, spent a few days in the city this fall and came to the College to look up old friends.

G. E. Braithwaite, '18, and Mrs. Braithwaite are attending the Faculty of Education at the University of Toronto.

P. V. Ibbetson, '19; Roland McCrea, '18, and O. S. Alsacker, '20, are articled to various city firms and attending the Law School.

THE ONE BEFORE THE LAST

I dreamt I was in love again
With the One Before the Last,
And smiled to greet the pleasant pain
Of that innocent young past.

But I jumped to feel how sharp had been
The pain when it did live,
How the faded dreams of Nineteen-ten
Were Hell in Nineteen-five.

The boy's woe was as keen and clear,
The boy's love just as true,
And the One Before the Last, my dear,
Hurt quite as much as you.

* * * * *

Sickly I pondered how the lover
Wrongs the unanswering tomb,
And sentimentalizes over
What earned a better doom.

Gently he tombs the poor dim last time,
Strews pinkish dust above,
And sighs, "The dear dead boyish pastime!
But this—ah, God!—is love!"

Better oblivion hide dead true loves,
Better the night enfold,
Than men, to eke the praise of new loves,
Should lie about the old!

* * * * *

Oh! bitter thoughts I had in plenty,
But here's the worst of it—
I shall forget, in Nineteen-twenty
You ever hurt a bit!

RUPERT BROOKE.

Churchill (finishing a lecture): Now I want you fellows to stop throwing water down on people's heads (looking out of window). Hold on, there is Bert! Take this bag, Pat, but don't let me see you throw it.

In his new book, "Memoirs of Life and Literature," Mr. Mallock tells many good stories. Here is one:

"This clergyman (of a millionaire New York church) was one morning surprised by receiving a visit from a nigger, who expressed a desire to join his exclusive flock. The shepherd was somewhat embarrassed, but received his visitor kindly. 'You are,' he said 'contemplating a very serious step. My advice to you is that you seek counsel in prayer; that, if possible, you should see Our Lord; that you make quite sure that this step is one which Our Lord would approve; and that in three weeks' time you come and talk again to me.'

"The postulant thanked him, and in three weeks reappeared. 'Well,' said the clergyman, 'have you prayed earnestly, as I advised you?' The nigger said that he had. 'And may I,' said the clergyman, 'ask you if you have seen Our Lord?' 'Yes sah,' said the nigger, 'I have.' 'And what,' asked the clergyman, 'was it that Our Lord said to you. Could you manage to tell me?' 'What Our Lord said to me,' the nigger replied, 'was this: "I've been trying for eighteen years to get into that church, but I can't. I guess that your trying will come to no more than mine."'

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